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July 8

W. L. W. RILEY

TRIAL JUSTICE,

Residence in Fork of Edisto.

ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED will be

promptly and carefully attended to.

July 23

Our Oldest Inhabitants—Two of

Them.

By JOSH BILLINGS.

John Bascomb is now living in Coon

Hollow, Racoon co., State of Iowa.

He is 196 years old, and can read

fine print by moon light 33 feet off.

He remembers Gen. Washington fast

rate, and once lent him 10 dollars to

buy a pair of kaff skin boots with.

He fit in the revolution, also in the

war of 1812, likewise in the late mele,

and sez he won't take sass now from

enny man living.

He is a hard shell baptist by religion,

and sez he will die for his religion.

He was converted 150 years ago, and

thinks the hard-shell is the tuffest re-

ligion there is for every day wear. He

sez that one hard shell baptist ken do

more hard work on the same vittles dur-

ing a hot day than ten episkopalsities.

He has always used pig tobacco from

a child, and sez he lern't how to cheu

bi watching a cow cheu her cud.

He has never drunk enny intoxi-

cating liker but whiskey, and sez that

no other liker is healthy. He thinks

3 horns a day is enuff for health.

He has alwus voted the demokratik

tiest for the last 170 years, and

walked, last fall in sloppy weather, 18

miles to vote for Jim Buchanan.

He haint never seen a rail road yet,

nor a wimmin's right convenshun.

His greatest desire, he telis me, iz

ten sez Gen. Jackson, and sez that he

shal go next year down ten Tennessee

ten sez him.

He fatted a hog last year, with his

own hands, that weighed 636 pounds

after it was drest and well dried out.

voting unanimously, the demokratik

ticket."

I thank him very much for the in-

formation he had given me ov himself,

and asked him if he had enny objekshun

to mi putting it into priat, and he

manifested a great desire that i should

do so, not forgetting to make special

menushun ov what he had sed about

enlarging Whitney's head for him, for

he thought that would clear him out of

the naborhood.

I left John Bascomb after a delight-

ful visit ov four hours, and thought

over ten myself, if there was enny two

rules for long life that had been thus

far discovered that was alike.

The more i thought ov this, the more

i wished i could cam across Methuselah

for a few minuts, and hear him tell how

he managed.

ELIZABETH MEACHEM.

Lab Meachem (as she iz familiarly

called in the towship where she resides)

iz one ov the rarest gens ov extenuated

mortality that i has ever been miblessed

luk ten encounter.

She is not so old as Bascomb bi about

two years, being about 194 years old.

Next to Lots wife she iz the best preser-

ved woman the world contains.

I reached her place ov residence early

in the morning and in one minutt after

i told her mi bizness, her tongue had

a pull hod of steam on, and for three

hours it run like a stream of quicksilver

down an inklin plain.

I asked her a thousand question at

least, but not one of them did she an-

swer, but kept talking all the time faster

than Pochahontas kan pace down hill

ten saddle.

The Experience of "Gris" in a

Strict Temperance Town

"Gris" writes to the Cincinnati

Times-Chronicle thus:

I stopped over night in a little town

in Illinois recently, where there is a large

temperance majority among the favored

sex, who sling the fillet, and the conse-

quence is they dispensed altogether with

the dramshop and bars.

No license to sell any liquor is per-

mitted to any one, and a pretty sharp

watch is kept to see that none is given

away. This would not have troubled

me any, and I probably would not have

known it, except that that landlurd

as I registered noticed me mysteriously

into the hall.

"Stranger," said he, as he closed the

door, keeping his hand on the knob,

"this is the worst temperance town in

America. They don't allow us to sell a

drop, tavern-keepers nor any one else.

Can't buy it at the drug store! But I know

how it is with travelling men; they like

a drop of suthin' to take when they go

to a hotel. Now here (putting his

hand in his coat-tail pocket and produ-

cing a small flask) is some New Eng-

land rum that i can recommend. Take

a good horn; it'll do you good. Nobody

can see you."

I thanked the hospitable and sym-

pathetic landlurd, who wanted to put a

bottle to my lips, but I declined. "All

right," said he, after taking a swig him-

self, "whenever you feel like having a

small nip just lemm' know."

I sought my room, and was making

ablutions, when there was a knock at

the door.

"Come in."

they were very anxious that I should

see their new race track, and I complied.

Of a naturally yielding nature (as the

track was when I left), I complied. I

praised their track, as they seemed to

expect I should. I eulogised their en-

tertainment, and their gate, you

know—extolled their ticket office, and

lavished words of commendation on the

judge's stand. That stand, I told them

could stand anything and all, very in-

conspicuously inquired if it could not

stand a drink.

Then they insisted on taking me upon

the judge's stand, but I stoutly resisted

that though I finally compromised by

looking into a little room beneath the

stand called the judge's room. Once in

there they shut the door, and—you may

not believe it, but it is so—each of those

young men drew a flask out of his pocket

and offered me a drink.

I will not repeat to you the indigna-

ant and scathing rebuke I administered

those young men, and it is hardly

necessary for me to say I emptied their

flasks—both their flasks—right where I

stood, as a salutary warning to them

against trifling with the temperance

regulations of their native town or at-

tempting to lead an innocent traveller

astray.

I positively never had so many shares

laid for me and temptations laid before

me as I had in that temperance town,

where they didn't sell a drop. They

were a most generous and hospitable

people, though, and did hate to see a

stranger suffer. They didn't seem to

care for themselves, but liked to have a

little within reach when a traveller

came along.

Laborsaving Locals

Our daily cotemporarys are giving us

what they term local brevities. But an

enterprising genius is "Kobe Arnold

county" that invented for his paper a

string of labor-saving items. They will

do for any locality, and as they are not

patented, we have as good a right to use

them as anybody else. We make room

for the following:

1. A-b-a-b. Long been doing a lot

of pig-sticking.

2. Chew chew.

3. Railroad.

4. Wet road.

5. Much mud hole.

6. Immense ankle crop.

7. City spreading.

8. Pig eyes multiplying.

9. Alleys Odoriferous.

10. HANDSOME.—John Smith's cow shed.

11. A burnt child makes the heart sick.

12. Bill Stamp has a neat wood-pile.

When rogues fall out the mice will

play.

Enterprising citizen, Jonathan

Whoopenzizer has erected a fine hen

coop.

Hope deferred gathers no moss.

Clever neighbor Jake Stebbins, has

enlarged his ash pile.

A bird in the hand dreads the fire.

That philanthropic gentleman, Manu-

el Battenbutter, extracted a rat from his

trap by inserting his finger between its

teeth, and immediately liberated the

gentle sufferer. A merciful man is mer-

ciful to his beast.

A suspicious stranger wants to buy

razors. Beware! Supposed to be ridi-

culing the apparel of the community.

An exchange boasts that its office is

At a recent examination of one of the

schools in Washington, the question was

put to a class of small boys: Why is the

Connecticut river so called? When a

bright little fellow held up his hand.

"Do you know, James?" "Yes, ma'am;

because it connects Vermont and New

Hampshire, and cuts through Massa-

chusetts," was the triumphant re-

ply.

A Driscoll's Judge.—An Arkansas

judge had his law office so close to a

certain doctor's office that they were

separated only by a plank partition with

a door in it. The judge was at his table

busy with his griefs and bills in chan-

cery. The doctor was writing a letter,

and puffing at the world, economical,

called out, "Judge, take a quinine way

to spell equinoctial." "Yes I think it

is, said the judge; but here's Webster's

Dictionary, I can soon tell. He opened

the book, and turned over the leaves

repeating aloud, "equinoctial—equi-

nomical. "Finding the proper place,

he ran his eye and finger up and down

the column two or three times until he

was thoroughly satisfied that the word

in question was not there. Closing the

book with a slam, the judge laid his

speces on the table and rising slowly,

broke forth: "Well, sir, I have always

been a Daniel Webster man, and voted

for him for President; but any man that

will write as big a dictionary as this and

not put as common a word as equino-

mical in it can't get my vote for anything

hereafter.

The San Francisco Chronicle chroni-

cles the death and funeral of a young

spiritualist medium named Henry Chase,

in which there is a rather ludicrous il-